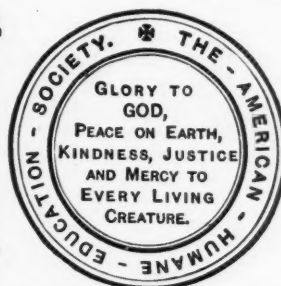


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 27.

Boston, November, 1894.

No. 6.



THE SHEPERDESS.

Kindly loaned by the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

"FOUR MONTHS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE."

OUR NEW PRIZE STORY. GOLD MINE SERIES, NO. 3.

A STORY OF LOVE AND DUMB ANIMALS.

Harry Kirkland, by advice of his family physician, goes with his young wife Alice, to pass the summer in a little town of New Hampshire. Uncle Charles pays the bills. They are much shocked to find so much cruelty to animals in this small country town, and finally succeed in organizing a club or association to meet in the Town Hall every Wednesday evening for friendly discussion.

They name it "*The Happy Family*." It becomes so popular that the meetings are crowded, and here our story begins.

It ends with a happy wedding of two members of "*The Happy Family*."

Written by Mrs. ELLEN A. BARROWS; revised by

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Price of the above new prize story 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents, in money, money orders, or postage stamps.

Added to our new Prize Story, "*Four Months in New Hampshire*," as showing the importance of our humane work, is the following, which, written by us more than twenty-five years ago, appeared in "*Our Dumb Animals*," February, 1869.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WILL IT PAY?

We have undertaken a very great work,—no more and no less than the guardianship of the great animal population of the whole State, outnumbering the human twenty to one; a population with no language that we can understand, that cannot testify in the courts, that is placed in the absolute and unlimited power and control, not unfrequently, of the most ignorant, violent, and debased of men.

A HEAVY JOB.

It's a heavy job. We have to deal not only with private individuals, but with great and influential corporations, with

bad rich men, as well as with *bad poor men*, with capital as well as labor; with a multitude of cases which no prosecution can reach, as well as those which may be checked by prosecution. It's a heavy job; and if any man expects it to be accomplished with small labor and a little money, he is mistaken. It will task the best ability and the highest benevolence of the State.

ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT.

There is only one way to do it, and that is to go down to the foundation and build up. We must educate the children. We must create a great public opinion. We must wake up the pulpit and the press, and scatter the literature of humanity until it shall be read in the homes, taught in the schools, hung on the walls, and all the children of the State shall feel that these animals have been mercifully created by our common Father, and mercifully given to us to use, but not to abuse. It's a great work. Will it pay to do it?

SANITARY EFFECTS.

Its sanitary effects will be, drinking-fountains in our cities, watering-troughs in the country, very few cases of hydrophobia, clean and healthy stables, no foul smells from our slaughtering-houses, no nuisances in the keeping of cattle and swine, wholesome meats in our markets, and wholesome milk on our tables.

FINANCIAL EFFECTS.

Its financial effects will be, horses and draught-cattle living and made useful to old age; birds spared to eat up insects and save the fruit; no reduction in the weight of animals by cruel transportation; no reduction of their capacity to labor by bad feeding, want of shelter, overworking, or other bad treatment; the best systems of food, water, rest, exercise, pavements, harness, and care in sickness; and to teach that the true economy is that which shall keep animals in the highest degree of physical health.

MORAL EFFECTS.

Its moral effects will be the giving-up of dog-fights, cock-fights, cruel races against time or for wagers. It will take the fun out of shooting-matches and hunting-matches. It will interfere with cattle transportation and short feeding, overloading, overdriving, overworking, and every form of abusing. It will substitute kind words for curses, gentle treatment for violence, friendly protection for passionate abuse, love for fear.

POLITICAL EFFECTS.

Last, but not least, what will be its political effects? We have a great country here, and what is to become of it God only knows! All the republics that have preceded it have perished. Violence, fraud, crime, and corruption are on the increase. Property and life are becoming insecure. A government we must have. Shall it be a government of wise laws, enacted by humane men, administered by an incorruptible judiciary, no wars, foreign or domestic, peace, happiness, and prosperity to all? Or shall it be the strong arm of military power, the law of the bayonet, and a great standing army supported by the nation to keep the nation in subjection? One or the other we must have,—all history shows it,—and upon the choice depends our future. We must multiply prisons and jails, courts, judges, and prosecuting-officers, constabulary, police, and soldiers, or we must multiply churches and

free schools, earnest home missions, and the universal dissemination of a religious and humane literature. The churches alone cannot do the work, for they do not reach the great masses that need most to be reached. The schools alone, as now conducted, will not do it, for they teach the intellect, rather than the heart; their prize is greatness, rather than goodness; and the more you educate the intellect, neglecting the heart, the greater the capacity for evil. Neither the churches nor the schools have saved us from a great civil war, and the political and financial corruptions growing out of it.

We must have the religious, the intellectual and the humane combined. The churches must preach Humanity as well as Christianity, and the schools must teach it, and the press must carry it where neither churches nor schools can. There is no getting rid of this question, and we have no time to lose. The coming generation is coming fast; and we must make them good citizens, or they will make us a bad nation. You may go into all the schools and homes with book and picture, and song and story, and make the children humane; or you may cause them to grow up cruel, inhumane, cultivating the bad passions, and they will avenge themselves upon society. You may take the boy in our streets to-day, and make him a great good man, or you may leave him to become a great bad one; but the difference may be the difference between peace and war, national prosperity and national ruin. My friend, throw aside all mercy for dumb animals: suppose there were no law to protect them, no penalty for their abuse, no redress for them in this world, and no hope in the next; throw aside all sanitary, financial, and moral considerations; suppose even that you are an atheist, and do not believe there ever was a God—still, I say, if you claim to be a good citizen, if you regard the future welfare of your country, you must provide for the humane education of its children; and that is the grandest feature of our work.

HYPNOTISM.

We have recently had an interesting conversation with one of Boston's most noted, intelligent and educated men, who has given considerable attention to hypnotism, and who thinks we may be near the dawning of a discovery far more important for the relief of suffering and the prevention of pain than the discovery of ether. As our paper goes, among others, to all in Massachusetts belonging to the learned professions, and to the editors of all American newspapers and magazines north of Mexico, it may be that among our readers are others who have given attention to this subject. We should like very much to know—

- (1.) How far, without harm to the patient, hypnotism can be used in cases of insomnia?
- (2.) How far it can be used without harm in nervous diseases?
- (3.) How long the hypnotic state will continue if the hypnotizer does not relieve the patient from it?
- (4.) Whether the hypnotizer acquires such power over the hypnotized as to be able to control his or her future actions?
- (5.) Whether hypnotism can be used successfully to relieve the pain and suffering of the more intelligent animals?

Don't sit in a draft unless you want a doctor to cash it.

TO ALL MASSACHUSETTS TEACHERS

IN THE SERVICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION,
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Oct. 8, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I do not hesitate to say that every teacher in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts should use his influence in behalf of considerate treatment of the lower animals. I believe this to be not only his legal duty, but his moral duty as well. Further, I think that such influence should be exerted not solely for the benefit of dumb animals, but for the excellent reflex action which it may produce upon the teachers and pupils themselves. Very truly yours,

FRANK A. HILL,
Secretary of the Board of Education.

MILITARY CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

In the August *Arena* we find a powerful argument by its editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, against the military organizations and drills in schools, and now actually being largely introduced into so-called Christian churches. For instance, in twenty-seven Detroit churches such military organizations have been formed.

The largest is the Baptist cadets, with sixty-six men and three officers. Then come the Maybury cadets, an Episcopal organization, with sixty men, the First Congregational cadets, with fifty-three, the first and last being armed with rifles. The Episcopalians have six companies, the Catholics eight, the Presbyterians seven, Baptists three, Congregationalists two, and Lutherans one. Thirteen of the companies are armed with rifles and one with swords. These, it must be remembered, are all church military companies, and have no connection with the State militia.

This article proves, by abundant citations, that as a physical exercise these drills are vastly inferior to other forms, making boys round-shouldered and hollow-chested, and as a moral influence are as pernicious and unchristian as anything can well be.

If Christ had been a superhuman warrior, whose mission was to deluge this earth with blood,—in other words, if the arch fiend had come to teach us Christianity, then these organizations would have been strictly in line with his teachings.

We think our churches and schools will some day come to see that our "American Humane Education Society," [first of its kind in the world] with its over twenty thousand Bands of Mercy, and its mottoes of "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every harmless living creature," is more in accordance with the teachings of Christ and the progress of Christian civilization.

DIED WORTH MILLIONS, BUT LEFT NOTHING TO THE POOR.

In the good time coming we think it may be enacted that the man who dies leaving millions and nothing to charity, shall be buried in some "Potters Field," and that if any tombstone is permitted to show that he has ever lived, on it shall be inscribed, "He died worth millions, but left nothing in charity to better the condition either of his own race or the lower races that depend on our protection and care."

If we are ever in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.

Some people are so constituted that they can never see the bright side of anything but a dollar.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

THE POPULARITY OF OUR MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Can any better evidence be given of the popularity of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals than that, in a little over twenty-five working days, Mr. Craft, our Boston canvasser, has secured in Boston over two thousand new paid subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals," all from business men.



A DEED OF MERCY.

From Crosscup & West Engraving Co., 911 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

ONE OF HUNDREDS.

HAINES' NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, Augusta, Georgia, Oct., 1st, 1891.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Ours is a missionary school, supported by the Presbyterian Board of Missions for the Freedmen, and the voluntary contributions of others. Our pupils mostly become teachers, going out into the rural districts throughout the State. We have just organized a "Band of Mercy" with ninety-eight members, and shall probably add one hundred more names to the list before the close of the year.

I think our Band bids fair to be an active leaven in this Southland, where heaven of this kind is so much needed.

Now we wish to ask you to give us from fifty to one hundred of your song books, and whatever else your generous heart may see fit. We assure you we are workers, and you may rest assured that the seeds you sow here will be falling on good ground.

Very respectfully,

MRS. A. M. N. CHAMBERLIN,
Teacher.

MORE THAN 12,000 BOYS.

Miss Julia M. Swift, of 512 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, writes us in a most delightful letter that she has organized over "seventy Bands of Mercy," with over 12,000 boy members. She sends us the following new "Band of Mercy" song, which she is using in her Bands, and adds: "Where the boys are in the higher grades I encourage them to vote for officers—president and vice-president, secretary and assistant—who are elected as other candidates are, the offices being held during the term. The president's duty is to open and close the monthly meetings, and call out the order of exercises. The secretary reads the minutes, the report of the former meeting, etc. This, I consider, gives them a better idea of the importance of the work. I then address them, and find them very much interested and attentive."

A NEW BAND OF MERCY SONG.

BY MISS JULIA M. SWIFT, OF PHILADELPHIA.

COME AND JOIN OUR NOBLE BAND; OR
TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

Come and join our noble band,
Let's unite with heart and hand
In behalf of all the speechless ones to speak;
See our banner is unfurled,
We are marching through the world,
Battling bravely in the cause of dumb and weak.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, we all are marching,
Soon our noble cause we'll gain,
For the cowards all will flee,
And the cruel cease to be,
And our Band of Mercy shall not work in vain.

The defenceless we'll protect,
Our dumb friends we'll not neglect,
But their daily needs will thoughtfully supply;
In our pleasures they shall share,
For our toils they nobly bear,
To assist us see how lovingly they fly.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

When dumb brutes so well can love,
Why should man a tyrant prove?
They the hand that feeds them fondly will caress;
Let us strive then to be kind,
And for them good friends to find,
And be sure that Heaven our noble cause will bless.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

We are pleased to learn by letters received, of the formation, by kind permission of Her Majesty the Queen, of "The Royal Canadian Humane Association," and to acknowledge the honor conferred upon us in being elected one of its two honorary vice-presidents.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, November, 1894.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.
Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month two hundred and thirty-seven new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twenty thousand four hundred and forty-two.

MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

Humane League for the Protection of Horses.

"We, the undersigned, of the State of Mass., hereby pledge ourselves that we will never, except in case of absolute necessity, hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated for life by docking, and we will, to the best of our ability, endeavor to discourage the continuance of this barbarous and cruel outrage to the horse."

Please write us by postal or letter, and we will send the pledge and a photograph of twenty-two men mounted on their mutilated horses.

To everyone in Massachusetts, old or young, who will send us one of these pledges signed by twenty-five persons, old or young, we will send, post-paid, a copy of one of our prize stories, "Black Beauty," "Hollyhurst," or "The Strike at Shane's," whichever may be preferred, and in cases where fifty signatures have been obtained, we will send two of the stories, post-paid, and in cases where seventy-five signatures have been obtained, we will send all three of the prize stories post-paid. The signatures may be of either adults or children, and to each signer who gives us full signature and post-office address will be sent a handsome certificate of membership of "The Humane League."

PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

At the October meeting of the Directors of "The American Humane Education Society" and "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" President Angell reported the reception of three small legacies amounting to \$1800; also that in aid of establishing a free evening school for drivers, teamsters, and all who have the charge of horses, he had been notified of subscriptions to the amount of \$200, conditional upon a sufficient sum being raised to make the school a success. Large orders for humane literature had been received from places as remote as California and India. A new prize story sequel to "Black Beauty" would be ready for delivery the first of next month. One of his correspondents had established in Philadelphia seventy branches of the Parent Band of Mercy, numbering over 12,000 boy members. Boston agents had dealt during the month with 359 complaints of cruelty, taken 41 horses from work, and mercifully killed 75 horses and other animals. Country agents had, during the past quarter, dealt with 656 complaints of cruelty, taken 236 horses from work, and mercifully killed 174 horses and other animals.

Two hundred and thirty-seven new Bands of Mercy had been formed during the month, making a total of 20,442, with between one and two millions members.

A PRIZE OF \$100.

The following was sent to all Boston dailies on October 17th:

Whereas, I am informed that one of Boston's richest and most influential citizens has been guilty of a great crime and unsportsmanlike conduct in compelling a sick horse to be run at a recent race with such cruelty that at the end of the first heat he bled at the nostrils, and at the end of the race was very lame, and whereas, for reasons which I need not specify, it has been found difficult to obtain the necessary evidence, I do hereby offer, in behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict this man.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

VIVISECTIONS AND DISSECTIONS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I hereby offer, in behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$25 for evidence by which the Society shall convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

\$100 PRIZE.

We offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," \$100 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing a horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

GREAT SUFFERING TO WESTERN SHEEP DURING THE COMING WINTER.

One of Boston's most prominent wool merchants, who is very familiar with the subject, tells us that the putting of wool on the free list by the last Congress is so disastrous to the sheep industry in Montana and the territories, that probably hundreds of thousands of sheep, which will not bring the cost of keeping during the winter, will be abandoned this fall to pick up a living as best they may through the winter. If the winter should be an unusually mild one some of them may survive, otherwise they will die, and the owners will have only their pelts. This is the prospect which awaits perhaps hundreds of thousands of sheep in the far west during the coming winter.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents; cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at Shane's," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Four Months in New Hampshire," paper covers, 6 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail, 10 cents. Each of these four cloth bound, 20 cents, or sent by mail, 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance. Also "Beautiful Joe," at publishers' prices, 60 cents, or sent by mail 72 cents.

ONE WAY OF TAKING UP A COLLECTION.

"We have a certain parson," Dean Hart of Denver writes, giving his name, "whom we keep on the frontier. He is a rough diamond, and has a knack with the miners. Not long ago he went to a camp called Rico, borrowed the dance hall over the saloon for his service, 'rounded up his boys' and the hall was filled. After the sermon came the collection—a very important feature. The preacher ran his eye over his audience, and seeing a certain gambler known as 'Billy the Kid,' 'Billy,' he said, 'take up the collection.' Very much honored, Billy took his big sombrero hat, and with an important and dignified air, as was fitting for the occasion, he made his way to the front and held his hat for a young man on the foremost chair to 'donate.'

"The young miner dropped in a quarter. Billy looked at it; then putting his hand under his coat-tails drew his revolver and said, with the utmost gravity, 'Young man, take that back; this here's a dollar show.' Then, with his hat and revolver, moving around the hall, he got as many dollars as there were people."

"THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S" AND "OUR GOLD MINE AT HOLLYHURST."

Among the perhaps thousands of complimentary press notices of these books, which have been received at our offices, we have only space for a few specimens.

"These prize stories are written in a charming way, full of incident, and should be in every Sunday School library."—The Evangelical Churchman.

"Both of absorbing interest to the humane hearts."—Mansfield News.

"New and brilliant prize stories have already commanded a remarkable sale."—Harriburg, Pa., Telegram.

"Meeting with wonderful success."—Greenfield, (Ind.), Republican.

"Intensely entertaining, and should be read in every family."—Christian Life.

ST. VINCENT, KENTUCKY.

We are glad to acknowledge the reception of an order from Mr. Trueman Drury, of St. Vincent, Ky., for "The Strike at Shane's" and "Hollyhurst," to be used in his school. He writes as follows: "I have found "Black Beauty" one of the best means of governing my school. Before I got it I had much trouble in governing it. Now it runs itself without any effort of mine."

INDIA.

We are glad to acknowledge the reception of a large order for bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals," and our various humane literature to be used in India.

"For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
That now the angels sing."

—EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

YOKES ON OXEN.

Will some of our readers tell us, in very brief, concise words, what they think about the cruelty of using yokes on oxen?

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

We have received from E. P. Dutton & Co., New York city, a beautifully bound, printed and illustrated copy of an English edition of "*Black Beauty*," which they sell at \$2.00 per copy, and we take from it this truthful representation of Miss Sewell.

Now that our "*American Humane Education Society*" has caused nearly or quite two millions copies of cheaper editions of this wonderful book to be circulated in our own and various European and Asiatic languages, a truthful representation of its author is of interest to all our readers.

The book above described contains fifty-eight pictorial illustrations, and for a Christmas or New Year's present we can think of nothing better or more useful.

We will send it to all wishing, post-paid, at publishers' price, \$2.00, which can be remitted to us in money, money orders, or postage stamps.

THE BOSTON POLICEMAN.

The Boston policeman is a pretty good sort of fellow. There may be weak places in the armor of the force, but I never shall believe it since I saw a big officer on Columbus Avenue the other day feed a half-starved cat. The cat was crouched down in a grass plot, and the policeman was leaning over the fence giving the poor thing bits of raw meat which he took from a paper bag, having apparently purchased it expressly for the sufferer. The cat devoured every piece, and then the policeman, rolling the paper bag into a ball, cast it into the sewer, and went his way, quite unconscious that his humane act had been witnessed by a passer-by. There was no "protection" here that was not legitimate, but a kindness and thoughtfulness that speaks well for this particular guardian of the peace, as well as for the class of men employed by the city authorities in that capacity.

—"*Entre Nous*," in *Boston Herald*.

We have now for several years supplied each Boston policeman each month with a copy of "*Our Dumb Animals*," and in the libraries and on the reading tables of all our Police Stations will be found the volumes of our various humane publications.

One of the finest-looking audiences we have ever seen was in one of the public halls of Philadelphia, where we had the pleasure of addressing thirty-two officers and eight hundred men of the Philadelphia police.

But in Boston we have the much greater privilege of addressing all our police force every month through this paper.

It is always a pleasure to remember that, in the starting of our *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* the city government granted us, for three weeks, seventeen policemen picked from the whole force, to canvass the entire city [reporting to us personally each day] for funds to begin and carry on our work.

They obtained subscriptions during the three weeks for a large proportion of the about \$13,000 with which we started.

WANTED—PUBLIC HEALTH.

In every State and large city "*Societies for the Protection of Public Health*," with men to direct and control them, who shall be as active and aggressive for the protection of public health as Parkhurst is in New York City for the protection of public morals.

TOO TRUE.

In the *Boston Herald* of Oct. 3 "*Entre Nous*" says: "It is not much use for rich men to make wills, for no sooner are they tucked under ground than the will is contested by somebody who did not get as much property as he or she expected. Distant relatives, children by adoption, cousins, uncles and aunts do not hesitate nowadays to go to law the moment they discover their rich relation has not divided equally with them all he possessed."

A BOSTON LAWYER

Recently told us that he had just drawn a will giving our "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" sometime, if not altered, about \$10,000. We wrote thanking him, and were glad to find in his answer the following:

"I hope it may be my good fortune to draw many other wills in favor of your institution, which merits so much gratitude from all who have neighbors to conciliate, children to educate, and heirlooms of thoughtless cruelty to eradicate from their own hearts."

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

We are glad to acknowledge a large order for our prize story, "*The Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*," to be used in the public schools of Terre Haute.

CHILDREN OF AN OLDER GROWTH.

When we read the address of Governor Greenhalge at our Boston School Festival, in which he spoke of his pleasure in coming from "*children of an older growth*" [the Legislature] to meet the younger, we could not help remembering some of the scenes which have taken place at our State House, and among them how, years ago, when *Charles Sumner* did one of the noblest acts of his life by moving in the U. S. Senate to have stricken from our national flags, under which our united countrymen were thereafter to march side by side, the victories won by one half over the other, how like foolish school boys both Senate and House denounced him and passed a vote of censure. To be sure, at the earnest request of poet Whittier and many of the noblest of Massachusetts, another Legislature atoned for



ANNA SEWELL, AUTHOR OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

this crime, and his statue now stands, where none of the statues of the men who censured him ever will stand, in Boston's beautiful public garden; but nevertheless, the act was a striking illustration of the fact that a Massachusetts Senate and House were only "*children of an older growth*."

And so, too, we suspect will the future historian in the good time coming when the children in all our public schools will be humanely educated, look upon the quarrels of our congressmen at Washington, in which so many of them have forgot the vital interests of their common country, as another striking illustration of the unwisdom of other "*children of an older growth*."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GIVE!

"Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if to-morrow
Found you where waiting was o'er;
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took."

The nine hundred and fifty women whom the Duchess of Portland has gathered into her Society for the Protection of Birds have pledged themselves never to wear the plumage of any song birds.

A GOOD STORY OF INGALLS.

Senator Ingalls' meager endowment of flesh has been the occasion of a good many stories, one of the best of which was related the other night by another Kansas man at the West.

"You know how lean Ingalls is," he said. "Well, down in Atchison there is a doctor who is a great friend of the Senator. This doctor has been greatly annoyed by a newsboy who would come into his office very unceremoniously and pester him, trying to sell papers.

"One day, when Ingalls was in the office, the boy was heard coming up stairs, and the doctor decided to put up a job on him. He rushed out an articulated skeleton, placed it in a chair by the desk, and then the two men withdrew to the back room.

"In rushed the boy, and without noticing what was at the desk came directly up to the skeleton. When he looked up and saw it grinning at him he was nearly scared into convulsions, and bolted for the door, yelling. The joke tickled the doctor, but Ingalls' conscience pricked him, and going to the window he looked out at the boy who was standing below crying.

"Come up stairs, my boy," he said; "I'll buy one of your papers."

"But the newsie began to yell harder then ever, and between his sobs blubbered out:

"You can't fool me if you have put your clothes on!"—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

An earnest invitation to attend the annual convention of this powerful organization at Cleveland, November 16 to 21, we are sorry to be compelled to decline.

The following was a part of our answer: "As I have had occasion several times to say, your organization is vastly broader than its name, for while it purports to be working only in the immensely important cause of temperance, it is really working in many other directions to promote, in the words of the motto of our *American Humane Education Society*, 'Glory to God, Peace on Earth, and Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature;' and I prophesy that the time will come—how soon I cannot tell—when your organization, under the greater name of the 'Woman's Christian Union,' will be known for its mighty influence throughout the civilized world."

JEWISH SLAUGHTERING.—PUBLIC HEALTH.

In the *Boston Herald* of September 23rd appeared the results of an interview we recently had with Rabbi Solomon Schindler in regard to the Jewish method of slaughtering.

The Rabbi contends that for sanitary reasons the blood should be thoroughly drained from every animal; and speaking of the infinite importance of the post mortem examination of the lungs and all the other internal organs of each animal slaughtered, which is practised by the Jews, states that of twenty animals slaughtered in one day by the Jews at the Brighton abattoir, ten were found diseased, and were rejected, and so of course sold to be eaten by Christians.

In view of the fact which we have, during the past twenty-five years, given in our addresses and lectures very widely over our country, that it has been found by statistics in various parts of Europe that Jews live on the average something like five years longer than Christians, in view of this fact does it not seem very important that Christians should have the same protection as Jews against the dangerous meats of diseased animals? A "Society for the Protection of Public Health," such as we have often advocated in these columns, might soon accomplish this result.

Geo. T. Angell.

GOD GIVE US MEN.

"Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office will not buy;
Men who have opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie."

O. W. Holmes.

LEGAL WIT.

A man, meeting on the street Henry W. Paine, the distinguished, honest, and universally respected member of our Boston bar, addressed him as Mr. D—, a man of very different reputation.

"I am not Mr. D—," was the answer, "but Mr. Henry W. Paine."

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "for making the mistake."

"I will excuse you," replied Mr. Paine, "but I sincerely hope the devil will not make the same mistake."

A SKILLFUL BUTCHER.

When the Prince of Wales went to a deer-drive in Scotland, and six fine stags then fell to his rifle, it is said a hundred gamekeepers stood in a cordon round the royal party so as to hold other stalkers at a safe distance. The pleasure of killing a beautiful animal under these conditions is little better than knocking an ox on the head in the Chicago stockyards.—"Entre Nous," in *Boston Herald*.

GREAT SPORT.

Three little boys of ages ranging from 9 to 11, belonging in a London suburb, have been evincing the instincts of their race, for which they were brought into the police court. Armed with a knife, a large hammer, and a long iron bar, these infant butchers killed three young pigs in a sty in a garden, cutting off their heads, slicing the noses and ears, and then concealing the remains. This is the time of year when highly intelligent sportsmen [our last two Presidents included] kill living creatures for the mere pleasure of the thing, and these children were simply following the examples of their betters. The Englishwoman who goes out with the guns and boasts the size of the "bags" she has helped to fill by her own white hands, has no more to boast of than the boy who wantonly sticks a neighbor's pig in the sty and then revels in its dissection.—"Entre Nous," in *Boston Herald*.

A HEAVEN FOR DUMB ANIMALS.

In a very interesting article written from London, by our good friend F. S. Hesselstine, Esq., of this city, which appears in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of September 5th, we find a description of the beautiful Park at Eaton Hall, the country place of the Duke of Westminster, and these words:

"All was beautiful and peaceful. The rabbits and hares would run fearlessly across my path, and some would not even leave the road as I passed. Pheasants, old and young, were close by the way, and the deer and fawns stood calmly looking at me within ten feet of the road. Here, I thought, is the heaven for Mr. Angell of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I hope he may reach one as fair and peaceful."—Amen.

ELOQUENT APPEAL BY HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

We are glad to read in the Boston daily papers of October 1st and 2nd the address of Hon. Charles Francis Adams before the Harvard Veterinary School, in which he tells of the almost numberless hospitals, church and corporation charities for the benefit of human beings, and how little has been done for our dumb brothers, the brutes, and urges that some of our wealthy men who have derived so great service and so much happiness from their domestic animals should make generous provisions for the improvement of veterinary science and the endowment of veterinary schools.

There are some rich men in Boston who have never given a dollar in their lives to aid our Society. They cause their horses to be mutilated for life. They tie up their heads with tight check-reins, and in old age sell them for small sums to suffer, not for their own sins, but for the sins of their owners, during the remainder of their unhappy lives. Are there not among these men some who, if they can give nothing to aid us in protecting, by the enforcement of laws and humane education, these dumb races that depend upon our mercy, will give something to procure for them in sickness and old age a better treatment by veterinary science?

While we need much larger funds for other work, we should be glad to have a special fund to be held in trust by our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" for the special purpose of aiding veterinary education and schools.

THE PEARL OF INDIA.

In the first chapter of this new and interesting book, written by our good friend M. M. Ballou, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., we find the following, in the description of his passage across the Indian ocean:

"Hovering over and about the tall masts upon untiring pinions, a score of white-winged, graceful marine birds persistently kept us company day after day. They joined the ship off the coast of Sumatra, as we left the entrance to Malacca Straits, introducing themselves at first with noisy vehemence and piercing cries, as if to assert their presence and purpose, a proceeding which was not again repeated. What became of these handsome feathered creatures at night we never knew, and it was found that the oldest seaman was equally ignorant. If they slept upon the waves they must have overtaken us with arrowy swiftness at the break of day. They were undoubtedly able to do this, as they outstripped us in speed at any moment when they chose to do so, sailing through the air far ahead and all around the rapid, steady-going ship. However early one came on deck they were sure to be in sight, glancing hither and thither upon the invisible air currents without any apparent exertion. It was the very poetry of motion. We came finally to look upon these tireless fellow travelers with no small degree of interest, and should really have regretted their absence."

RABBI SCHINDLER'S NEW BOOK.

In Rabbi Schindler's new book, "A Sequel to Looking Backward," he tells how, in A. D. 1994, the houses and ships will be built of aluminum.

Looking into the subject we find, that while in 1883 there were only 33 pounds of aluminum produced in the United States, in 1892 we used 260,000 pounds, and ten years hence shall doubtless use more than as many millions. When the aluminum cap was put on the Washington monument in 1885 the metal cost \$8 a pound. Now it can be bought for 67 cents a pound. One of its peculiarities is its lightness. A solid block of it a foot square only weighs a pound. It does not tarnish, and acids have no effect upon it. This makes it very valuable for surgical instruments and for the wires which are used in sewing up wounds. The racing men are putting aluminum shoes upon all race horses. Not only are they very light, but they preserve the feet of the horse. The rowers who are always looking for new boats have had racing shells built of the metal. They can be made of single sheets one-nineteenth of an inch thick. Sheets of it are used for roofing houses. It does not have to be painted like tin, as dust and dampness will have no effect upon it. For this reason it is very valuable in cooking utensils, and furthermore, added to its extreme lightness, it has a great capacity for holding heat, and is almost unbreakable.

AMONG HUNDREDS OF SIMILAR APPEALS.

Among hundreds of similar appeals we publish this from a Presbyterian clergyman in Arizona: ARIZONA, Sept. 24, 1894.

TO MR. GEO. T. ANGELL, American Humane Education Society, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR,—In this section of the country there is very great need for the disseminating of the special teachings of your Society. Sheep and cattle ranches cover this whole region, and the cruelty of the cowboys and ranchmen is very marked. Only last season one of our best citizens, anxious to get his wool on the market early, began his shearing in the very cold weather. The morning following large numbers of the sheep were lying frozen upon the ground. This is a common occurrence in this section, and to it could be added fearful accounts of cruelty to the bucking bronchos and steers and hard-driven range horses.

I write to ask if you will furnish me for distribution literature which will have a beneficial influence. I will wisely distribute the matter you will thus furnish, both in person and by mail.

I remain, very respectfully,

"Do you think the millennium will come if the whole world is converted to the salvation army?" said a New York newspaper interviewer to Gen. Booth.

"If the newspaper men were converted it would be a long step in that direction," said the General.—*Boston Herald.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was a matter of deep regret to us to learn, on the morning of October 8th, of the death, at the age of eighty-five, of this distinguished man. To the testimonials which have been published in hundreds and perhaps thousands of American and foreign publications, showing the warm place he has held in the hearts of not only our American people but many in other lands, we will only add, as is well represented in the beautiful poem given below, *that the birds have lost in him one of their best friends.*

We have often thought that Dr. Holmes' life has been materially lengthened by the remarkable humor which has added so much to his own happiness and to the happiness of others, one expression of which has had an almost world-wide celebrity, namely, "*that if all the physic were thrown into the sea it would be better for men and worse for fishes.*" Some years ago we selected and sent him from about a hundred prescriptions, which had been sent us for the cure of asthma, some dozen or more of what seemed to us the best. He returned them in the course of a week or two with a letter beginning about as follows:

"My dear Mr. Angell: If I had tried the prescriptions which you kindly sent me I should not be able to write this letter."

MY AVIARY.

Through my north window, in the wintry weather,—
My airy oriel on the river shore,—
I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together
Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
On some broad ice-floe, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are fitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate,

Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving,
Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
Till at some reverend elder's look dissolving,
The speechless senate silently adjourns.

He knows you! "*sportsmen*" from suburban alleys,
Stretched under seaweed in the treacherous punt;
Knows every lazy, shiftless tout that sallies
Forth to waste powder—as he says, to "*hunt.*"

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,
Well pleased to discount your predestined luck;
The float that figures in your sly transaction
Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him!
Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head eyes;
Still, he is mortal, and a shot may hit him—
One cannot always miss him if he tries.

O Thou who carest for the falling sparrow,
Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang forget?
Or is Thy dread account-book's page so narrow
Its long column scores Thy creature's debt?

Poor, gentle guest, by nature kindly cherished,
A world grows dark with thee in blinding death;
One little gasp—thy universe has perished,
Wrecked by the idle thief who stole thy breath!

DR. O. W. HOLMES.

THE FAME OF THE CITY.

[By John Boyle O'Reilly.]

A great rich city of power and pride,
With streets full of traders, and ships on the tide,
With rich men and workmen, and judges and preachers,
The shops full of skill, and the schools full of teachers.

The people were proud of their opulent town,
The rich men spent millions to bring it renown;
The strong men built and the tradesmen planned,
The shipmen sailed to every land;
The lawyers argued, the teachers taught,
And a poor shy poet his verses brought,
And cast them into the splendid store.

The tradesmen stared at his useless craft,
The rich men sneered, and the strong men laughed;

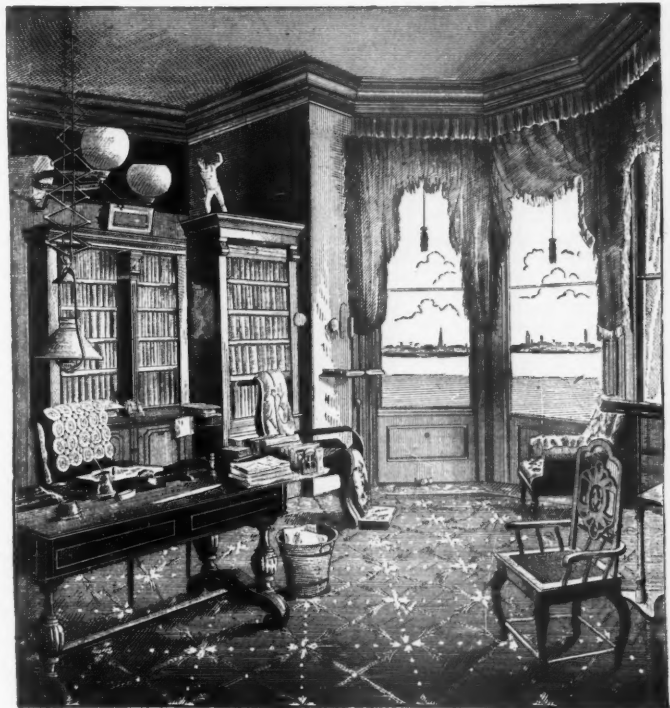
The preachers said it was worthless quite,
The school-men claimed it was theirs to write.
But the songs were spared, though they added naught

To the profit and praise the people sought,
That was wafted at last from distant climes;
And the townsmen said, "To remotest times
We shall send our name and our greatness down."

SAVED BY A SPIDER.

In the early history of the Wyoming Valley, one of the first settlers, Noah Hopkins, being warned that the Indians were entering the valley, fled and crawled into the trunk of a large hollow tree. After killing the settlers the savages destroyed the settlement and drove off all the cattle. But providentially, or otherwise, after Mr. Hopkins had entered the hollow tree, a spider had woven a web across the entrance, which, being noticed by the Indians, they made no further examination, and so Mr. Hopkins was saved.

Life is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death. — Benj. Franklin.



(Kindly furnished by the Lothrop Publishing Company.)

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' Study, Beacon Street, Boston, showing his northerly windows looking out on the Charles River, Cambridge and Charlestown.

The boast came true; but the famous town
Had a lesson to learn when all was told.
The nations that honored cared naught for its gold;
Its skill they exceeded a hundredfold;
It had only been one of a thousand more
Had the songs of the poet been lost to its store.
Then the rich men and tradesmen and school-
men said
They had never derided, but praised instead;
And they boast of the poet their town has bred.

PROF. DAVID SWING, OF CHICAGO.

By the death of Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, in his 65th year, dumb animals have lost a friend who, by his various sermons, has done more, perhaps, to promote kindness to them than any other clergyman in America.

We well remember our first interview with this distinguished man on the evening of Oct. 18th, 1876.

Two evenings before we had addressed, in one of the largest churches of Chicago, the Rock River Methodist Conference, and received a unanimous standing vote of thanks from the great audience, completely filling the body of the church and galleries, and when, on this evening, we found ourself in a dingy, poorly lighted little hall, speaking to only some thirty people, we were disappointed and depressed.

But when, at the close of our address, a quiet looking little gentleman came forward and was introduced to us as Professor Swing, we were made happy in the thought that perhaps, after all, we had addressed the largest audience of the whole year.

And so it proved, for the professor joined the Society, as we were told, that night, and has since preached sermons in behalf of our dumb animals which have not only been read throughout the northwest but largely on both sides of the Atlantic.

In that dingy, poorly lighted little hall,

although we did not know it, we were speaking to more than a hundred thousand people.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE ANGEL AZRAEL.

There was silence throughout heaven;
Hushed were the golden strings;
And cherubim and seraphim
Bowed low with folded wings.
The Eternal One had spoken,
Like diapason's swell,
Yet in accents deep and tender
Rose the summons, "*Azrael!*"

Lo! one stood forth whose brightness
Outshone the myriad throng;
His wings of dazzling whiteness,
His mien, majestic, strong.
A glittering spear he carried,
As reverently he moved,
Fairest of all God's angels—
Of all, God's most beloved.

"*Azrael!*" Lowly bending
He knelt before the throne;
Humility still lending
New charms unto his own.
"*Azrael!*" From my children
On earth come cries of woe,
I hear, and fain would help them;
Thither, my angel, go!

"In pain and grief some languish,
Sighing to be set free;
And some in mortal anguish
Struggle for liberty.
Go, *Azrael*, release them
From their prison-house of clay,
And bring my children home to me
In Paradise, this day."

Down through the boundless ether
The swift-winged angel flew,
Past upper world and nether,
Till unto earth he drew;
Entered the chamber's portal,
Where the weary sufferers lay,
Released their souls immortal,
And bore them hence away.

On earth were sounds of weeping,
And funeral bells were tolled;
But there was rapturous greeting
In the city paved with gold.

*Hosannas filled all heaven
Unto Him upon the throne,
As the angel who was bidden
Brought back to God His own.*

"Well done, my faithful angel!"
Thus the Almighty One!
"And welcome, earth-born children,
Your life-work, too, well done!
But thou art sad, O Azrael!
And sorrow dims thine eye;
Thy radiant wings are drooping;
Tell me, my angel, why?"

"O Thou, whose matchless glory
Fills earth and sky and sea,
Who art from everlasting,
And to the end shall be,—
Joyful I heard thy summons,
And hastened to fulfil,
Glad to be counted worthy
To do my Maker's will.

"I thought I should be welcome,
Since I came to set men free
From their chains of earthly thralldom;
But they looked with fear on me.
And everywhere they saw me,
Men spoke with bated breath;
They turned away and shuddered,
And whispering called me—'Death!'

"They know not it is life's sweet life,
The angel Azrael brings;
And thus it is my spirit grieves,
And therefore droop my wings.
And now, O loving Father,
Bend low thy gracious ear,
And in thy tender mercy,
Grant Azrael this, his prayer:

"Lift but for one brief moment
The shadowy, mystic veil
That hides Earth's children from the loved
And lost ones they bewail;
And never more, kind Father,
Shall they look on me with fear,
Or bow their heads in anguish,
When Azrael draws near."

"Rise, Azrael, beloved,
I may not grant thy plea;
These earthly children of my care
Must learn to trust in me.
I have told them of my heaven,
And the many mansions fair,
My Son, the Crucified, I've given,
That they may enter there.

"But if a moment only
It were permitted them
To gaze with earthly vision
On the New Jerusalem,—
Her princely towers and turrets,
Her glories all untold,
The rapture of the shining ones
Who walk her streets of gold,—

"Think you they would be fited
For the victory they must win,
Ere they can hear the welcome,
'Good and faithful, enter in?'
Their efforts would be pained
With longing to be there;
Nay, Azrael, it were not kind
To hearken to thy prayer.

"But this I grant thee, angel,
From henceforth it shall be,
When thou dost go to earth to set
A struggling spirit free,
Unto the hearts left desolate
This message thou shalt tell:
'Mourn not thy loved ones, for with them
It is and shall be well.'"

And so where'er the shadow
Of the angel's drooping wing
Falls on our hearthstone, and we sit
Speechless in suffering,
Rising o'er all our anguish,
Deeper than Hope's deep knell,
We hear the angel whisper,
"With thy loved one it is well!"

Oh sweet and blest assurance!
It soothes our nameless dread;
And though Rachel still be weeping
Her heart is comforted.
Beloved, let us fear not,
Knowing it shall be well
When comes for us God's angel,
The white-winged Azrael.

—SARAH L. TENNEY, in Boston Evening Transcript.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Miss Julia A. Eastman, head of Dana Hall, Wellesley, the well-known preparatory school for Wellesley College, sends us a beautiful story, which she finds in "Harper's Bazar" of September 15th, of a good woman, Anna Malann, who devotes her life to care for dumb animals.

It is too long for our columns, but we will give our readers its close:

A mist clouded the soft brown eyes as they met mine for an instant, and then turned quickly away. "It's dreadful," she said, in a low, hushed tone—"dreadful. It's wicked, I know, to say so, but—I couldn't be happy up there and them outside. Me and all the real folks that's had everything in this world—rights, and laws to protect their rights, and—and—souls—us all inside heaven, and them that's been put up on and worried and tortured all their days, them outside of it all, oh, I couldn't stand it—I know I couldn't! So—well—maybe I shan't be there myself." She went on hurriedly, as if in response to some expression she thought my face might wear: "Not that I am giving up my religion. That's a sight of comfort to me—more'n anything else, I guess. But, you see, folks generally are so busy saving their own souls and other people's—heathens and all—they can't attend to righting the awful wrongs done to creaturs; and it's nat'ral, I know. But I've got a leaning that way, and I'm so made I seem to know how to help animals and coax folks to be good to them. So I just tell God right out all about it—that I feel I must give up my whole life, day in and day out, to helping and comforting these creatures He's made, and made so like folks in everything but just not having souls. And I tell him."—she spoke softly and reverently—"I tell Him I love Him and want to serve Him, and I'm on His side, and will be to my dying day. But I've got such a terrible aching and burning over the things done to these creaturs that I can't attend to the other things folks tell me is the highest, most important ones. I haven't got time for all the meetings,—the sewing society and missionary concerts, and temperance meetings, and teachers' meetings, and the anti-smoking society, and all those stated means, as they call them. I'm drove day and night, looking up suffering creaturs, fetching home them that's lost, nursing the sick, chirking up the lonesome and homesick. Why, you wouldn't believe how full my hands be. And so I tell Him plain, but humble and respectful, that if He thinks best to say, because I gin up the work and duty of a professor I must give up the rewards too, why, I've nothing to say. He knows best, understanding the whole case, and I know He'll do right. So I just go on with what I've got to do for these poor things as if I was just one of them, soul lacking and all. And they think I am."

We published last year a beautiful cut and poem of Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the editor of "Harper's Bazar." We feel that we and dumb animals have in her a true friend.

ALEXANDER STEPHENS'S DOGS.

Alexander Stephens was fond of any creature with which he came in contact. He liked animals of all kinds, and especially young animals. At home he paid much attention to his little pigs; was very careful that their mother should not injure them by rolling upon them. He always had several dogs about him. He treated them as almost human, and I think he considered them nearly so. He would talk to them and pet them. They slept at night either in his room or on the outside of the door. At Liberty Hall the doors were never closed at night, and any one might have gone through the house were it not for the dogs. They slept in the library, and Alexander Stephens always occupied the chamber which opened into this. A step on the porch would raise a terrible howling, and it would have been indeed dangerous for any robber to have entered over such a guard.

There is one dog which deserves to be known in history, and that is Mr. Stephens's old poodle Rio. He was for years Mr. Stephens's constant companion. He loved him as an intimate friend, and when he died he shed tears over his grave. Rio was a remarkable dog. He could reason more than any animal I have ever known. I remember at Liberty Hall we would be talking about something going wrong on the place, and Rio would rise and go to the spot spoken of by us. He seemed to understand language, and his face was very much like that of a human. He was a big, fat poodle, with wool as white as snow, as heavy as that of a sheep, and as

soft as silk. He had a high forehead, and bright, black eyes. He grew blind several years before he died, and Mr. Stephens took as much care of him as he would have done had he been his own flesh and blood. When he died he put him in a wooden coffin and buried him in the garden. He had intended to have erected a marble slab over his grave, but this was put off and finally neglected. He never cast off any of his dogs in their old age, and Troup, Pluck, Frank, and half a dozen other of his pets were cared for during their declining years of senility and decrepitude.—Cleveland Leader.

A SPARROW'S LOVE.

I returned home from the chase and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. It had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with its little, unfledged wings extended.

The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow, with a black breast, quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open mouth. He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his own life. His little body trembled all over; his voice was hoarse; he was in an agony; he offered himself.

The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him; but in spite of that he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A power stronger than his own will had forced him down. The dog stood still and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes; smile not. I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love.—Tourgenieff.

BE KIND TO MOTHER.

It is said of one of the monarchs of Germany that he was one day annoyed at ringing his bell more than once without receiving an answer. On opening the door of his cabinet he was surprised to find his page fast asleep in a chair. His first impulse was to awaken and rebuke him. On approaching the sleeper, however, a playful thought seized his majesty (for kings are but men), and he resolved to amuse himself a little at the page's expense. Seeing a paper projecting from the boy's pocket on which something was written, his curiosity was excited. So he quietly leaned forward, stealthily extracted the letter, and retreated into the royal apartment. Taking his seat he opened it, and with a gleam of amusement in his eye he commenced reading it. The letter was from the boy's mother, and was as follows:

MY DEAR SON: I return you many thanks for the money you saved from your salary, and sent to me. It has proven a very great help to me. God will certainly reward you, my dear boy, for it, and if you continue to serve your God and your king faithfully and conscientiously you will not fail of success and prosperity in this world.

From your loving mother,

MARY

By the time the king had finished the letter his amused look had given place to an expression of admiration, justice, and benevolence.

"Worthy boy!" he exclaimed, "and equally worthy mother! The act shall be rewarded." And then, stepping softly into his closet, he fetched a number of coins, and put them, with the letter, into the boy's pocket. After this he rung the bell violently, which brought the page into his presence.

"You have been asleep, I suppose," said the king. The page stammered out an excuse; and in doing so he put his hand in his pocket and felt the money. Pale, and with eyes full of tears, he looked at the king imploringly—

"What is the matter?" said his majesty.

"Oh," replied the boy, "somebody has contrived my ruin. I know nothing of this money!"

"What God bestows," resumed the king, using a German proverb, "He bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother, and tell her that I will take care of both her and you."

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator. "Neither," he replied: "I was an ass."

[From the Biggle Horse Book.]

GOLDEN WORDS ABOUT HORSES.

*There is a great deal of saving of a horse in a walk.
Find some way of keeping the horses busy all winter.
Thus only will they keep sound and be ready for hard,
spring work.*

*It is expensive to warm ice-water inside the stock.
If you must put frosty bits in some mouths let it be your
own.*

*There are oats in the currycomb.
There is more profit in coaxing than in kicks.
If they throw up their heads and act timidly, look after
your stableman. Such acts speak louder than words.
Carry the bridles with you to the house when you go to
breakfast, and put the bits near the stove while you eat.*

A FREE EVENING SCHOOL FOR DRIVERS, TEAMSTERS, AND OTHERS WHO HAVE THE CARE OF HORSES.

In our October paper we stated that we were considering the possibility of establishing such a school, where those attending should listen to addresses and discussions, and receive instruction in regard to the proper humane training and treatment of the horse, and from which those who should be able to pass the required examination might receive diplomas to assist them in obtaining and retaining positions as drivers, teamsters, stablemen and otherwise.

We added that the past year had been a hard one for our humane as well as other charitable societies, but we should be glad to know if any of our readers who were abundantly able would feel willing to substantially aid in establishing such a free evening school which might become not only permanent in our own city but be a model for similar institutions in all other American and possibly in some European cities.

We have received, on this October 11th, from a kind friend a proposition to contribute \$100 on condition that enough can be raised to open the school. If any other of our wealthy friends are willing to aid with substantial gifts on this same condition we shall be glad to know it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE HEAD OF THE NEW YORK VET- ERINARY SCHOOL.

We are glad to be informed that the head of the great Veterinary School in New York City has recently denounced to his students in strongest language the practice of mutilating for life the beautiful horses so unfortunate as to have fallen into the hands of the newly rich of that city.

BILL NYE SAYS, ON DOCKING,

In the "New York World": "The tenderest portion of a horse's body is that quarter easily defended by a long tail, but entirely out of reach of a docked horse. I cannot bear to look at a crazed animal beating the air wildly with his pathetic stump, while the flies are stinging him.

I cannot be patient with those who follow this wicked custom in order that they may be considered fashionable. The man who does this, knowing the facts regarding it, is the man who pulled flies to pieces when a boy, and if his wife really indorses it her family ought to have the coffee analyzed every morning.

And how can a docked horse be regarded as beautiful?

How would George Washington look in marble riding a mutilated horse?

Does any great sculptor ever put a hero on a bob-tailed steed?"

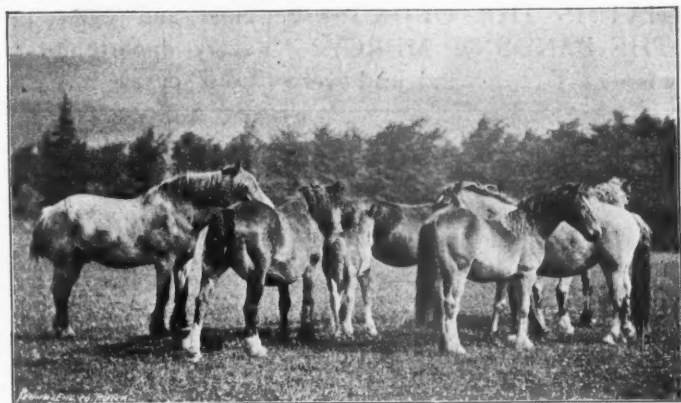
THE BOSTON DAILIES.

The following, sent Oct. 23d to the Boston dailies, has, through their columns, attracted wide public attention.

BOSTON, Oct. 23, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR: I have received this A. M. a document about ten feet long, containing the signatures of four hundred pupils of the Dudley school, that they will never, except in cases of absolute necessity, hire or ride behind any horse mutilated for life by docking, and will, to the best of their ability, endeavor to discourage the continuance of this barbarous and cruel outrage to the horse.

We take this cut from "The Biggle Horse Book," a very valuable little book on the proper and humane treatment of the horse, published by Wilmer Atkinson Co., of "The Farm Journal," Philadelphia. Its motto is—"Always speak to a horse as you would to a gentleman."



SOME OF OUR GOOD FRIENDS.

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

We are told this morning that a minister of the gospel, who had succeeded in persuading a rich woman to become his wife, is now endeavoring to establish his claims to respectability and set a Christian example to his religious friends and the community at large by driving and causing himself to be driven with horses mutilated for life.

We thank God that such ministers of the gospel are few and far between. From all such ministers of the gospel good Lord deliver us!

ANGLOMANIA.

The Boston Pilot says that Anglomania is really a disease like scrofula, and that the newly rich are particularly liable to being infected with it.

AS THEY THREW THE TEA INTO BOSTON HARBOR.

We do hope the time is not far distant when, as the past men of Boston threw the English tea into Boston harbor, so the present men of Boston will have sufficient American independence, sense of justice and humanity to no longer follow this fashion of some of the most cruel people in England, of causing their horses to be mutilated for life by docking, and also when the respectable women of Boston will refuse to follow the example of the demi-monde of Paris in wearing upon their hats and bonnets the dead bodies and plumage of birds.

BARON SALVI.

Baron Salvi, a famous rider of horses long distances, was recently knocked down by a cab-horse in Berlin. "Entre Nous," in Boston Herald, thus comments:

"Who knows, Baron, but that sorry animal was once a 'thoroughbred' that you neglected and despised, who now, after many vicissitudes, takes his revenge by running over you? Horses have long memories. Whenever we see a docked-tail steed, with his head strained up by an infamous curb rein, the hope will arise that some time he may be able to turn the tables on the inhuman man who has brought him to this condition."

Look at the faces of all the people you see riding on or behind docktailed, mutilated horses, and see how many kind, noble, generous, merciful faces you can find among them, and on the other hand how many cold, hard, dissipated, unhappy and merciless ones!

HE WAS A BEAUTIFUL HORSE.

He was a beautiful horse in his youth. His long tail added much to his beauty, and was a sure defense against tormenting flies. A rich man in the city bought him to match another horse, and the two were attached to the family carriage.

The tail was cut off, because, strangely enough, the bobtail, cut square, was more pleasing to the owner than the tail given by nature.

The horse did not at first miss his tail brush, for he was a rich man's horse and wore a net in summer; he was carefully groomed and kept in good condition. But occasionally his owner drove the horse to his box buggy and as he was a hard driver he was overdriven, spoiled, and of course sold.

The horse then came into the possession of a grocer, who had some compassion, and provided a net to keep off the flies. But at length the horse becomes too slow for the grocer, and then began the downward road that ends always in misery and torture.

Last summer this horse was seen attached to a fruit hawker's dilapidated wagon. It was a hot day, and the horse was standing in front of a fruit store while the owner was within buying his stock in trade. A more pitiable horse-sight was never seen. The flies swarmed around him and drove him nearly frantic; he twisted, kicked, turned and bit himself till the blood had started. There was a fresh bruise on one hip on which the flies settled; the short hair of the tail was not long enough to reach this, and he was robbed of all defense.

The horse was little more than skin and bones, but he may have had food enough. His condition might be due to this continual worry and fighting of flies. If the man who caused the tail to be docked could have seen the horse in his present condition he would have regretted the part he took in it, if he had any feeling of compassion. Let every man remember, who cuts off a horse's tail cuts off not only the hair, but also the stump of the tail, that another stump will not grow in its place, and that the horse will be practically tailless the rest of his life. Horses were given tails because they need them, and it ought to be a crime, punishable by law, to mutilate a horse at the command of a soulless god-father.

—The Biggle Horse Book.

Carelessly tying horses in the stables with nothing but ropes around their necks has been the cause of the death of enough horses to have paid for first-class halters for all the horses in the country.

A BEAUTIFUL PLACARD.

We have had a beautiful placard printed, nine inches by five, containing our society seals and two cuts and the following in large print, which we will cheerfully send to those who will put them up where they will do good:—

If you have any pity for suffering horses—
Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

Don't ride behind a docked horse, or one tightly checked, if you can help it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will
make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

20206 Knightstown, Ind. Union School. Wide Awake Band. P., John Owens.	20247 Rose Band. P., Miss Fitzgerald.	20300 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Drumm.	20347 Stillwater, Minn. Stillwater Band. P., Mary S. Jenks.	20393 Helping Hand Band. P., Mary Danson.
20207 Golden Rule Band. P., J. J. Hoover.	20248 Violet Band. P., Miss Emerson.	20301 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Glew.	20348 N. Y. City, N. Y. Columbus Band. P., M. Marshall.	20394 Wide Awake Band. P., Minnie Bell.
20208 New Castle, Ind. Junction School. Hope Band. P., Everett Pickering.	20249 Daisy Band. P., Miss Johnson.	20302 Pansy Band. P., Miss Law.	20349 Lancaster, Pa. Protection Band. P., George Sachs.	20395 Sunshine Band. P., Minnie Van Raalte.
20209 Cleveland, Ind. Methodist S. S. Golden Rule Band. P., A. V. B. Sample.	20250 Hope Band. P., Miss Black.	20303 Daisy Band. P., Miss Davis.	20350 Brownsdale, Minn. Brownsdale Band. P., Nina Swift.	20396 Star Band. P., Kate Pfanstiehl.
20210 Rosebud Band. P., Anna Hoel.	20251 Star Band. P., Miss Thompson.	20304 Fifth Street School. P., J. F. Sheffield.	20351 Barrie, Ont. Hope Band. P., S. L. Rogerson.	20397 Hope Band. P., Emma D. Roberts.
20211 Union S. S. I'll Try Band. P., W. I. Jones.	20252 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Hay.	20305 Star Band. P., Miss Dart.	20352 Stillwater, Minn. Stillwater Band. P., Gertrude Wolf.	20398 Sunbeam Band. P., Nellie Harter.
20212 Hope Band. P., Miss Johnson.	20253 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Pew.	20306 High School. Excelsior Band. P., David Mackenzie.	20353 Tabor, Iowa. Bellevue Band. P., Mattie Morrison.	20399 First Ward School. Hope Band. P., A. A. Cunningham.
20213 Westland, Ind. Friends S. S. Willing Workers Band. P., Henry B. White.	20254 Hudson School. Lily Band. P., Miss Mallock.	20307 Longfellow Band. P., J. F. Sheffield.	20354 Fruitland, Oregon. Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Fannie Nichols.	20400 Star Band. P., Elsie Jarvis.
20214 Little Helpers Band. P., L. Jessup.	20255 Angell School. Golden Rule Band. P., Emma A. Balch.	20308 Whittier Band. P., C. D. McLonta.	20355 Dayton, Oregon. Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Belle Farnsworth.	20401 Sunshine Band. P., Electa Chandler.
20215 Pembroke, Mass. Priscilla Band. P., Mrs. Fred White.	20256 Pansy Band. P., Miss Denton.	20309 Goldsmith Band. P., Edward E. Taylor.	20356 Burnside, Ky. Burnside Band. P., Minnie Eubanks.	20402 Daisy Band. P., Anna Deln.
20216 Boston, Mass. Hopeful Band. P., Mrs. Brown.	20257 Daisy Band. P., Miss Moffat.	20310 Audubon Band. P., Clare Howard.	20357 Grand Haven, Mich. Central School. Excelsior Band.	20403 Fourth Ward School. Pansy Band.
20217 Omaha, Neb. Sherman Band. P., Laura Dunn.	20258 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Shaw.	20311 Lily Band. P., Ruth R. Willoughby.	20358 Star Band. P., Anna De Vries.	20404 Robin Band. P., Jennie De Vries.
20218 Canon Falls, Neb. Junior Epworth League B'd. P., Mrs. C. B. Wyatt.	20259 Violet Band. P., Miss Peterson.	20312 Rose Band. P., Mary Stuart.	20359 Golden Rule Band. P., E. P. Cummings, Jr.	20405 Canary Band. P., Anna M. Pianstiehl.
20219 Otisville, Mich. Otisville Band. P., Miss Elsie Gandy.	20260 Rose Band. P., Miss Buckingham.	20313 Tulip Band. P., Ethel M. Abbott.	20360 Lily Band. P., Kate Laffin.	20406 Redbird Band. P., Cora B. Ullry.
20220 Peacham, Vt. Peacham Band. P., Miss Clara G. Holmes.	20261 Tulip Band. P., Miss Hallock.	20314 Froebel School. I'll Try Band.	20361 Violet Band. P., Carrie Uitter.	20407 Fifth Ward School. Hope Band.
20221 San Francisco, Cal. Golden West Band. P., John Gustavson.	20262 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Hopkins.	20315 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Slott.	20362 Rose Band. P., Jennie Neil.	20408 Star Band. P., Anna De Vries.
20222 Morning Star Band. P., Frank Wagner.	20263 Snowball Band. P., Miss Rice.	20316 Neverfail Band. P., Miss Burns.	20363 Tulip Band. P., Mary Babbitt.	20409 Benton Harbor, Mich. High School.
20223 Lily Band. P., Willie Day.	20264 Pansy Band. P., Miss Bristow.	20317 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Koon.	20364 Mayflower Band. P., Clara Black.	20410 Longfellow Band. P., Mary Marbie.
20224 Vigilant Band. P., Thomas Bolger.	20265 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Gillard.	20318 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Lovejoy.	20365 Forget-me-not Band. P., Helene Hiler.	20411 Golden Rule Band. P., Emma Mach.
20225 Adelphi, Ohio. Promise Band. P., Viola B. Reedy.	20266 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Shaw.	20319 Star Band. P., Miss Miller.	20366 Pansy Band. P., Anna O. Beck.	20412 I'll Try Band. P., Jane E. Field.
20226 Cambridge, Mass. Peabody Band. P., Mabel A. Clark.	20267 Star Band. P., Miss Lew.	20320 Hope Band. P., Miss Livingston.	20367 Daisy Band. P., Almira J. Gray.	20413 Neverfail Band. P., Helen Southgate.
20227 Elgin, Ill. Daniel Band. P., Willie Voigt.	20268 Pillsbury School. Neverfail Band. P., Miss Stevenson.	20321 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Lasly.	20368 Wide Awake Band. P., Hattie Babcock.	20414 Willing Workers Band. P., Olive B. Hull.
20228 Westley, R. I. Ocean View Band. P., Gertrude L. Bliven.	20269 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Hedrick.	20322 St. Johns Baptist School. I'll Try Band.	20369 Helping Hand Band. P., Alice M. Purdy.	20415 Geo. T. Angell Band. P., M. F. Whitehead.
20229 N. Scituate, R. I. Glenford Band. P., Lottie M. Tucker.	20270 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Adams.	20323 St. Mary's School. Lily Band.	20370 Clinton Street School. Hope Band.	20416 Lily Band. P., Emma Cole.
20230 Muskegon, Mich. Lakeside School. I'll Try Band.	20271 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Burnam.	20324 Hope Band. P., Sister Mary Assumption.	20371 Star Band. P., Julia Soule.	20417 Violet Band. P., L. Lura Moon.
20231 Busy Workers Band. P., Miss Major.	20272 Hope Band. P., May Blake.	20325 Star Band. P., Sis. Mary Annunciation.	20372 Little Helpers Band. P., Eunice Cusick.	20418 Brittain Ave. School. P., Miss Gardner.
20232 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Kelly.	20273 Star Band. P., Hannah K. Blake.	20326 St. Josephs School. Lily Band.	20373 Little Helpers Band. P., Nettie Cherry.	20419 Helping Hand Band. P., Miss Cullinane.
20233 Sunshine Band. P., Miss De Thompson.	20274 Rosebud Band. P., Bertha Banks.	20327 Pansy Band. P., Sister Letitia.	20374 Columbus Street School. Neverfail Band.	20420 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Kinney.
20234 Hope Band. P., Miss Henry.	20275 Pierce School. Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Moon.	20328 Daisy Band. P., Sister Ceslas.	20375 I'll Try Band. P., Lizzie McMillan.	20421 Little Helpers Band. P., Miss Rice.
20235 Star Band. P., Miss Gillard.	20276 Lily Band. P., Miss Bryan.	20329 N. Muskegon School. Lily Band.	20376 Busy Workers Band. P., Mary V. Berg.	20422 Central School. Lily Band.
20236 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Wheeler.	20277 Tube Rose Band. P., Miss McLean.	20330 Violet Band. P., Miss Southwell.	20377 Jackson Street School. Lily Band.	20423 Rose Band. P., Edie Dean.
20237 Mann School. Pansy Band. P., Miss Allen.	20278 Violet Band. P., Miss Littlefield.	20331 Pansy Band. P., Miss Moran.	20378 Pansy Band. P., Margaret Young.	20424 Violet Band. P., Jennie McInnis.
20238 Daisy Band. P., Miss McMichael.	20279 Tulip Band. P., Miss Pollock.	20332 Daisy Band. P., Miss Wells.	20379 Daisy Band. P., Mattie Farnham.	20425 Tulip Band. P., Miss Livesay.
20239 Bluffton School. Hope Band. P., Miss Selden.	20280 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Cummings.	20333 St. Mary's School. Golden Rule Band.	20380 Beech Tree School. Golden Rule Band.	20426 Mayflower Band. P., Lillian.
20240 Star Band. P., Miss Johnson.	20281 Snowball Band. P., Miss Parrish.	20334 Lily Band. P., Sister Mary Assisium.	20381 Kindergarten School. Rosebud Band.	20427 Snowball Band. P., Miss Worth.
20241 Port Sherman School. Golden Rule Band. P., Sarah Golden.	20282 St. Bernard Band. P., Miss Wilson.	20335 Violet Band. P., Sister Bertrand.	20382 Holland, Mich. High School.	20428 Pansy Band. P., Miss Godfrey.
20242 Nelson School. I'll Try Band. P., Mattie A. Siders.	20283 Pansy Band. P., Miss Powell.	20336 Tulip Band. P., Sister Margaret Mary.	20383 Longfellow Band. P., C. M. McLean.	20429 Daisy Band. P., Miss English.
20243 Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Balbirine.	20284 Pansy Band. P., Miss Emery.	20337 Pansy Band. P., Sister Raymond.	20384 Whittier Band. P., M. Kershner.	20430 Hope Band. P., Miss Kennedy.
20244 Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Dewar.	20285 Sunshine Band. P., Miss Young.	20338 Whitman, Mass. Whitman Band. P., H. S. Keith.	20385 Goldsmith Band. P., Frank D. Haddock.	20431 Star Band. P., Miss Lewis.
20245 Wide Awake Band. P., Miss Riordan.	20286 Hope Band. P., Miss Robinson.	20339 Augusta, Ga. Caroline Coultter Band. P., Edward J. Smith.	20386 Violet Band. P., Addie M. Clark.	20432 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Sherwood.
20246 Lily Band. P., Miss Emerson.	20287 Star Band. P., Miss Wylie.	20340 Trimble, Ky. Trimble Band.	20387 Forget-me-not Band. P., Florence Warner.	20433 Black Beauty Band. P., Miss Jackson.
	20288 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Abbott.	20341 Sidney, N. Y. Sidney Band.	20388 Mayflower Band. P., Nellie Harter.	20434 Morton Hill School. Pansy Band.
	20289 Rosebud Band. P., Miss Morgan.	20342 Charlestown, Mass. Harvard Band.	20389 Central Building. I'll Try Band.	20435 Black Beauty Band. P., Nellie Baker.
	20290 Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Schulz.	20343 Ashland, Wis. Washington Band.	20390 Busy Workers Band. P., Beatrice Kempton.	20436 Hope Band. P., Miss Wilson.
	20291 McLaughlin School. Lily Band.	20344 Boyd, Wis. Try to be Kind Band.	20391 Neverfail Band. P., Sadie Clark.	20437 Star Band. P., Miss Woodruff.
	20292 Rose Band. P., Myra B. Elson.	20345 So. Bend, Ind. Oak Grove Juvenile Band.	20392 Golden Rule Band. P., Margaret Post.	20438 Benton Harbor College. Longfellow Band.
	20293 Violet Band. P., Miss Kirshman.			20439 Pansy Band. P., Mrs. V. C. Edgcombe.
	20294 Tulip Band. P., Miss Potevin.			20440 Lily Band. P., Miss R. Tate.
	20295 Mayflower Band. P., Miss Davis.			20441 St. Joseph, Mich. High School.
	20296 Snowball Band. P., Miss Randall.			20442 Lily Band. P., Mrs. L. M. Helmer.
	20297 Pansy Band. P., Miss Collins.			
	20298 Daisy Band. P., Miss Standish.			
	20299 Nims School. I'll Try Band.			

A STREET CAR CAT.

THE PET OF THE CONDUCTOR AND THE PASSENGERS.

The street cars in a Western city have small stoves in the centre of each car for the additional comfort of passengers in cold weather. The driver on one of these cars had reached the end of his route one cold day last November, and was changing his horses from one end of the car to the other, when a half grown, half starved and bedraggled looking kitten came mewing across the road and ran into the car. It curled up under the stove in great contentment, and the kindhearted driver, who was also the conductor, allowed it to lie under the stove during the downtown trip. He begged a saucer of milk for the little waif at the other end of the route, and after lunch, for which she was manifestly grateful, kitty went back to her snug place under the little stove, and during the next day she and the conductor became such good friends that he left her in the car when he went off duty that night.

He did not put her out the next day nor at any other time, but fed her every day, and before a week she became the pet of the public, and quite an attractive card to that branch of the road. She was a pretty, playful little gray and white kitty, and made friends with all the passengers. The children played with her, the ladies petted her, and most of the men paid her some attention. One lady tied a pretty scarlet ribbon around kitty's neck, and the next day another lady fastened a tiny silver bell to the ribbon.

As for things to eat, kitty has them in variety and quantity enough to make a dyspeptic of her. During a single trip she had gifts of a choice bit of raw steak offered her by an old Irishman on the car, a big oatmeal cracker and some gum drops presented by a little girl, a lump of loaf sugar, a lime, a sandwich, some peanuts, and a link of sausage.

Kitty, when I heard from her last, was the most happy, contented and petted little puss imaginable. When the weather is fine she often rides out on the platform with the driver who has been such a true friend to her, and whose conduct is proof of the fact that there is a kindly, generous heart beneath his rough garments. —Harper's Young People.

BRAVE BOSSY.

THE COW SAVED HER CALF BY WHIPPING A GRIZZLY BEAR.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said Michael Ayers, a Colorado stockman, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently given birth to a calf. It being her first-born, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle-shed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

One night a bear, having smelt the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear, and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the cow in a frantic state, butting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance. It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose that as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof, it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage.

[Written for Our Dumb Animals.]

PRINCE.

BY WALTER CHURCH.

An incident of the great Western forest fires when they struck Hinckley, Minn., September 1st, 1894.

PAT REAGAN'S DOG.

"You needn't ask to buy this dog—
The reason why can soon be told,
We love him as our dearest friend;
Not stranger, no!—take back your gold."

"A cyclone from the forest fire
In flaming billows came rushing down,
It wrecked the hundred happy homes
Which made our peaceful, happy town."

"The air was full of fireballs;
The very earth was smoking hot;
And nothing but a blackened waste
Now stands where stood our little cot."

"We heard a flying neighbor shout
'The gravel pit!—Run for your life!'
I dragged two children as I ran—
Our babe was carried by my wife."

"She plunged into the blessed pool,
And with one daughter followed I—
The eldest, frightened, ran away,
But Prince ran too, with warning cry."

"He pulled her back with gentle force,
Came with her to her mother's side,
And held her safe while over all
For hours rolled on the flaming tide."

"That's why we call him 'Hero Prince';
He proved himself wise, true and bold;
He's homeless and in want, but we
Won't sell this dog for any gold."

BOSTON, Sept. 22d, 1894.

GEORGIA HOUND.

In Georgia, a fine hound, which had been sent to a citizen of Gordon, recently returned to its former home in East-point, within thirty-six hours after its departure, having traveled the entire distance, about one hundred and twenty-eight miles, through a country it had never been through, and with no one to guide it. The dog was boxed up before it was shipped to its owner, and for a portion of the journey was kept in a dark car.

—New Orleans Times Democrat.

IT IS ESTIMATED.

It is estimated that about 5,000,000 song birds are annually required to fill the demand for the ornamentation of the hats of American women. The slaughter is not confined to song birds; everything that wears feathers is a target for the bird butcher. It is estimated that in a single season about 40,000 terns were killed at Cape Cod for exportation, and the swamps and marshes of Florida have been depopulated of their egrets and herons for the sole purpose of using their feathers in millinery.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

We notice in the Philadelphia Journal of Zoophily that Dr. Michener, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and ex-President of the National Veterinary Association, was a firm opposer of vivisection in all its forms, declaring that "students taught by experiments on dead subjects were fully as expert as those who practise untold and revolting cruelty on living ones."

We also notice in the same number that New York laws make it a crime to feed an English sparrow.

Some people tried to get such a law in Massachusetts a few years ago. We told our legislature that if they enacted such a law it would require a good many jails to hold the boys and girls whom we had addressed in the sixty-one great public schools of Boston. The law did not pass.



OUR CAT.

DONKEY AND EGGS.

One morning, being in Rome, I walked out of the city in company with a friend, Oscar W. Collett, Esq., of St. Louis. The sky was unclouded, and the sun was showering down his rays, as we pushed on bravely into the Campagna. After a walk of several hours we espied an inn. We were tired, thirsty and hungry. St. Paul thanked God when he saw the three taverns; we did at the sight of one.

As we approached the ever-open door, however, our attention was arrested by the approach, from another direction, of a tall, stout, middle-aged woman, and by her side two large moving panniers filled to the very top with eggs. From these panniers, if you looked up you saw two very long ears; if you looked down four small legs; between the panniers the head of an animal. It was a donkey, and was the motive power that propelled the eggs. Now the woman, who was either owner or supercargo of her precious freight, was in great haste to reach the city. But the donkey was in no hurry at all; for as soon as he perceived the odor of savory meats, hay, oats, etc., he stopped. Nor would he budge another foot. The woman was armed with a stout stick about three feet long. With that she began belaying the poor donkey, with occasional shouts. Then she would go behind him and strive to push him on by main strength, putting her shoulder to his rump. Renewed beating and shouts. All in vain. Presently the donkey became sulky and revengeful. And to the horror of his agonized mistress knelt down, not to ask pardon, but as a preliminary to further steps. For next, down went his hind legs, and the animal rolled over on his back—his legs up and the eggs everywhere. Much as I pitied the woman as she stood there shrieking and tearing her hair, I could not but think that if, instead of beating so unmercifully the poor brute, she had coaxed him and reasoned with him, or fed him, she would have saved her eggs.—Rev. George F. Haskins.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in September, 1894.
Fines and witness fees, \$188.35.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Dexter Smith, \$10; J. R. Kenbrick, \$10; Miss Fannie A. Burlingame, \$10; Gen. J. L. Otis, \$5; S. C. Cornell, \$1.50; Mrs. Brown, \$0.50.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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Total, \$63.00.

The American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries \$143.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Arthur G. Nason, \$20.50; Oregon Humane Society, \$16; Ruth Boyce, \$10.15; J. W. Graham, \$6; D. Tringham, \$5; E. A. Gordon, \$4.25; Rosa Bonheur Band of Mercy, \$3.75; South Bend (Ind.) Humane Society, \$3.50; G. H. Sprague, \$1.75; Mrs. A. C. Bean, \$1.50; Mrs. S. M. Hoffman, \$1.50; Mrs. W. H. Pennypacker, \$1.25; Mary T. W. McTeer, \$0.75; T. M. Dix, \$0.60.

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Mrs. Mary S. Wood, R. H. Thingley, J. W. Edgerly, Miss C. Spencer, Miss M. B. Buck, S. F. Randall, Mrs. F. C. Stinson, W. G. Twing, Miss E. V. Henry, Miss M. E. Leddell, Mrs. A. L. Munson, Miss H. A. Fletcher, Mrs. M. S. Smilie, Mrs. J. Walker, C. O. Friedly, Mrs. M. M. Bray, Miss M. Chittenden, W. S. Weller, Miss S. M. Safford, Mrs. C. C. Burch, Emma L. Weed, Miss R. H. Stroud, Miss L. M. McKnight, Mrs. P. A. Sulter, C. A. Bacon, Mrs. J. R. Ralph, Miss B. E. Hazen, Anna W. Packard, M. C. Yarrow, Frank Cutler, Mrs. H. B. Saunders, Miss Elsie Seymour, M. V. Townsend, L. C. Knappen, Mrs. L. C. Hunter, Mrs. M. J. Smith, S. C. Cornell, Gertrude A. Shattuck, Mrs. R. C. Hall, S. L. Dickinson, W. Leisenring, Miss S. Knight.

All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$271.86.

Total, \$355.36.

Publications sold, \$71.95.

Total, \$862.16.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society for September.

From sales of publications—
South Bend (Ind.) Humane Society, \$16; J. B. Lipincott Co., \$79.11; Baker & Taylor Co., \$7.50; Mrs. J. A. Woodward, \$67.20; Smith, Weaverling & Co., \$5; C. M. Parker, \$5.30; G. B. Arnold, \$5.
All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$59.06.
Interest \$6.75.

Cases reported at our Boston Offices in September.

Whole number dealt with, 339; animals taken from work, 41; horses and other animals killed, 75.

Report of Country Agents for Last Quarter.

Whole number dealt with, 688; animals taken from work, 236; killed, 174.

A GOOD MOTHER.

Humming birds are very shy and fleet of wing. It is difficult to make their acquaintance. A gentleman who had a rare opportunity to watch a mother bird and the tiny nest which she had built near his room, says that one day, when there was a heavy shower coming up, just as the first drops fell, the mother came fluttering home, seized a large leaf which grew on a tree near by, drew it over her nest in a way to completely cover it, then went back to whatever work she had been about, when the coming storm disturbed her. The watchers at the window wondered why the leaf did not blow away. They found it hooked to a tiny stick just inside the nest. When the storm was over the mother came home, unhooked the green curtain she had so perfectly put up, and found her babies all dry.



THE DOG REMEMBERED.

A gentleman who is a great traveler, and who is always accompanied in his wanderings by a bull terrier, to which he is much attached, arrived one day in the city of Florence. His dog was for some reason intrusted to the care of a porter at the station, and in the excitement of the crowd and under the unusual experience of being separated from his master, who generally kept the animal with him, Bruno was moved to make his escape.

The most careful search was made, and before going to his hotel the traveler went to the police station to notify the *gens d'armes* of his loss. It was more than an hour before he reached his hotel. When he got there he spoke of his loss, so that if anything was heard of the dog it would be understood that the animal belonged to him. To his astonishment the porter said:

"But your dog is here, sir. He came before you, and we did not know to whom he belonged."

"The dog is here!" repeated the gentleman, in surprise. "How came he here?"

"He ran in, sir, about half an hour ago, and after snuffing about the office for a little while he ran up stairs. I gave orders to have him driven out, but the boys have been busy, and he is up there somewhere now."

The traveler, of course, went up stairs at once, and there on the mat before the chamber numbered forty-four lay Bruno, who sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations of delight at finding his master again.

The gentleman remembered that two years previous he had been with the dog in Florence, and had staid at this hotel. He did not remember that he had occupied this particular room, but on reference to the hotel register such was found to be the fact.

—*Youth's Companion.*

BEAVERS.

The miners in Chico, Cal., are watching the movements of a colony of beavers with great interest. They are building across Feather River a dam, in which they are using the biggest cotton-wood trees found in the neighborhood. The miners, knowing that beaver-dams are never carried away in freshets, have made up their minds that this little affair will prove more effectual in holding back the debris washed down by the spring freshets than any of the dams put up for their protection by human engineers.

—*Exchange.*

Our Dumb Animals for September received. Its editorials are particularly strong this month.

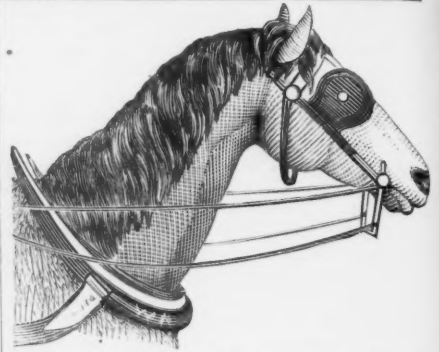
—*Boston Times.*

Our Dumb Animals for September is a bright issue of that interesting paper.—*Watkins (N. Y.) Herald.*

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Mrs. De F.—"My dear, I have picked out a husband for you."

Miss De F.—"Very well; but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the material myself; so there!"—*New York Weekly.*



Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 30 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.	
Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell, 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100	
Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell—	
Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents;	
twenty-four for ten cents; one hundred, 25 cents.	
Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell	\$0.25 per 100
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or	2.00 "
Humane Training and Treatment of the Horse, by H. C. Merwin, 1 cent each, or	1.00 "
Care of Horses	.45 "
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The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell	.50 "
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Service of Mercy, selections from Scripture, etc.	.65 "
Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell	1.00 "
Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or	2.00 "
Band of Mercy Metal Badges, 8 and 5 cents each.	
Band of Mercy Ribbon Badges, 4 cents each.	
Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.	
Band of Mercy Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.	

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one asking.

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